A

# PLEASANT

## Conceited Comedie

CALLED,

## Loues labors loſt.

As it vvas preſented before her Highnes
this laſt Chriſtmas.

*Firſt Edition.*

Newly corrected and augmented
*By W. Shakeſpere.*

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Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,
*Longauill, and Dumaine.*

*Ferdinand.*

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death:
When spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Thendeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre agaynst your owne affections,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
*Nauar* shall be the wonder of the worlde,
Our Court shalbe a lytlle Achademe,
Still and contemplatyue in lyuing art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this sedule here.
Your othes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arrnd to do, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.

*Longauill.* I am resolued, tis but a thee yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but bankrout quite the wits.

*Dumaine.* My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortefied,
The grosser manner of these worldes delyghts:
He throwes vppon the grosse worlds baser slaues

T

To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these lyning in Philosophie.
*Berow.* I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strickt obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then, to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke all the day,
When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there,
O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.
*Ferd.* Your othe is past, to passe away from these.
*Berow.* Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.
*Longa.* You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.
*Bero.* By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the ende of study, let me know?
*Ferd.* Why that to know which else we should not know.
*Ber.* Things hid & bard (you meane) from cammon sense.
*Ferd.* I, that is studies god-like recompence.
*Bero.* Com'on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or study where to meete some Mistris fine.
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sweare mè to this, and I will nere ſay no.
*Ferd.* Theſe be the ſtopps that hinder ſtudie quit,
And traine our intelects to vaine delight.
*Ber.* Why? all delightes are vaine, but that moſt vaine
Which with payne purchaſ'd, doth inherite payne,
As payne ſtilly to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his loeke:
Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguyle:
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye in deede,
By fixing it vppon a fayrer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhalbe his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearcht with ſawcie lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authoritie from others Bookes.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profite of their ſhyning nights,
Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
*Ferd.* How well hees read to reaſon againſt reading.
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
*Lon.* He weedes the corne & ſtill lets grow the weeding.
*Ber.* The Spring is neare when greene geeſe are a bree-
*Duma.* How followes that? (ding.
*Ber.* Fit in his place and tyme.
*Duma.* In reaſon nothing.
*Bero.* Something then in rime.
*Ferd.* *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
*Bero.* Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proude Sommer boaſt,
Before the Birdes haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.
*Ferd.* Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne:* adue.
*Bero.* No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
*Fer.* How well this yeelding rescewes thee from shame.
*Ber. Item,* That no woman shall come within a myle of my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?
*Long.* Foure dayes ago.
*Ber.* Lets see the penaltie. On payne of loosing her tung.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
*Long.* Marrie that did I.
*Bero.* Sweete Lord, and why?
*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
A dangerous law against gentletie.
*Item,* Y fany man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall indure such publibue shame as the rest of the Court can possible deuise.
*Ber.* This Article my liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassaie,
The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and complet maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine,*
To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
*Ferd.* What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.
*Ber.* So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth studie to haue what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won ſo loſt.
*Fer.* We muſt offorce diſpence with this Decree,
Shee muſt lie heere on meere neceſſitie.
*Ber.* Neceſſitie will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake fayth, this word ſhall ſpeake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to other as to me:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
*Ferd.* I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
On who the muſique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauiſh like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine loſt in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
*Ber.* *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Faſhions owne knight.
*Lon.* *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhalbe our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie three yeeres is but ſhort.

*Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.*

*Constab.* Which is the Dukes owne person?

*Ber.* This fellow, What would'st?

*Const.* I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his graces Farborough: But I would see his owne person in flesh and blood.

*Ber.* This is he.

*Const.* Signeour *Arme Arme* commendes you: Ther's villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more.

*Clowne.* Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching me.

*Fer.* A letter from the magnificent *Armado.*

*Bero.* How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Lon.* A high hope for a low heauen God grant vs patience

*Ber.* To heare, or forbeare hearing.

*Lon.* To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderatly, or to forbeare both.

*Bero.* Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime in the merrines.

*Clow.* The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Iaquenetta:* The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Bero.* In what manner?

*Clow.* In manner and forme following sir all those three. I was seene with her in the Manner house, sitting with her vppon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together, is in manner and forme following. Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some forme.

*Ber.* For the following sir.

*Clow.* As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.

*Ferd.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?

*Bero* As we would heare an Oracle.

*Clow.* Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh.

*Ferd* *GReat Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole dominator of Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies fostring patrone:*

*Cost.* Not a worde of *Costard* yet.

*Ferd.* *So it is*

*Coſt.* It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

*Ferd.* Peace.

*Clow.* Be to me, and euerie man that dar es not fight.

*Ferd.* No wordes.

*Clow.* Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

*Ferd.* *So it is beſedged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commende the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt holſome phiſicke of thy health-geuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When Beaſtes moſt graſe, Birdes beſt peck, and Men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did incounter that obſcene & moſt propoſtrous euent that draweth frõ my ſnowhite pen the ebon coloured Incke, Which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurueyeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt & by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (Clowne.* Mee? *) that vnlettered ſmal knowing ſoule, (* Clow. Mee?*) that ſhallow vaſſall (* Clown. Still mee. *) Which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, *(* Clow. O mee *) ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaymed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, ô with, but With this I paſſion to ſay Wherewith:*

*Clo.* With a Wench.

*Ferd.* *With a childe of our Grandmother* Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweete vnderſtanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed duetie prickes me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meede of puniſhment by thy ſweete Graces Officer* Anthonie Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage bearing, and eſtimation.*

*Antho.* Me ant ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

*Ferd.* *For* Iaquenetta *(ſo is the weaker veſſell called) vvhich I apprehended vvith the aforeſayd Svvaine, I keepe her as a veſſell of thy Lavves furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſvveete notice, bring her to tryall. Thine in all compiements of deuoted and hartburning heate of duetie.*

Don Adriano de Armado.

*Ber.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

*Fer.* I the best, for the wost. But sirra, What say you to this?

*Clo.* Sir I confesse the Wench.

*Fer.* Did you heare the Proclamation?

*Clo.* I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*Fer.* It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

*Clo.* I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Demsel.

*Fer.* Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

*Clo.* This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

*Ber.* It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

*Clo.* If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

*Fer.* This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

*Col.* This Maide will serue my turne sir.

*Fer.* Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

*Clo.* I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge.

*Fer.* And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,
And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

*Ber.* Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,
These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, Come on.

*Clo.* I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, affliccio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Armado and Moth his page.*

*Armado.* Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

*Boy.* A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

*Ar.* Why? sadnes is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

*Boy.* No no, O Lord sir no.

*Arm.* How canſt thou part ſadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall?

*Boy.* By a familier demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneor.

*Arma.* Why tough ſigneor? Why tough ſigneor?

*Boy.* Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

*Arm.* I ſpoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton apperteining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

*Boy.* And I tough ſigneor, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

*Arma.* Prettie and apt.

*Boy.* How meane you ſir, I prettie, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

*Arma.* Thou prettie becauſe little.

*Boy.* Little prettie, becauſe little: wherefore apt.

*Arma.* And therfore apt, becauſe quicke.

*Boy.* Speake you this in my praiſe Maiſter?

*Arma.* In thy condigne praiſe.

*Boy.* I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

*Arma.* What? that an Eele is ingenious.

*Boy.* That an Eele is quicke.

*Arma.* I do ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heatſt my blood.

*Boy.* I am anſwerd ſir.

*Arma.* I loue not to be croſt.

*Boy.* He ſpeakes the meer contrarie, croſſes loue not him.

*Ar.* I haue promiſed to ſtũdie three yeeres with the duke.

*Boy.* You may do it in an houre ſir.

*Arma.* Impoſſible.

*Boy.* How many is one thrice tolde?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

*Boy.* You are a Gentleman and a Gamſter ſir.

*Arma.* I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

*Boy.* Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amountes to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more then two.

*Boy.* Which the base vulgar do call three.

*Arma.* True.

*Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine Figure.

*Boy.* To proue you a Cypher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde cursie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

*Boy.* *Hercules* Maister.

*Arm.* Most sweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Boy.* *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

*Arm.* O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

*Boy.* A Woman, Maister.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion?

*Boy.* Of the sea-water Greene sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the foure complexions?

*Boy.* As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Boy.* It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

*Arm.* My loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

*Boy.* Moſt maculate thoughts Maiſter, are maskt vnder ſuch colours.

*Ar.* Define, define, well educated infant.

*Boy.* My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt me.

*Ar.* Sweet inuocation of a child, moſt pretty & pathetical.

*Boy.* Yf ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faultes will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faultes are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe
A dangerous rime maiſter againſt the reaſon of white & red.

*Ar.* Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

*Boy.* The worlde was very guiltie of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

*Ar.* I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mightie preſedent. Boy, I do loue, that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

*Boy.* To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maiſter.

*Ar.* Sing Boy, My ſpirit growes heauie in loue.

*Boy.* And thats great maruaile, louing a light Wench.

*Ar.* I ſay ſing.

*Boy.* Forbeare till this companie be paſt.

Enter *Clowne*, *Conſtable*, and *Wench*.

*Conſtab.* Sir, the Dukes pleaſure is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt ſuffer him to take no delight, nor no penance, but a muſt faſt three dayes a weeke: for this Damſell I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhe is alowde for the Day womand. Fare you well.

*Ar.* I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

*Maide.* Man.

*Ar.* I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

*Maid.* Thats hereby.
*Ar.* I know where it is ſituate.
*Ma.* Lord how wiſe you are.
*Ar.* I will tell thee wonders.
*Ma.* With that face.
*Ar.* I loue thee.
*Ma.* So I heard you ſay.
*Ar.* And ſo farewell.
*Ma.* Faire weather after you.
*Clo.* Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*
*Ar.* Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
*Clo.* Well ſir I hope when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomacke.
*Ar.* Thou ſhalt be heauely puniſhed.
*Clo.* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
*Ar.* Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.
*Boy.* Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.
*Clo.* Let me not be pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.
*Boy.* No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.
*Clo.* Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.
*Boy.* What ſhall ſome ſee?
*Clo.* Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vppon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their wordes, and therfore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.*
*Arm.* I do affect the verie ground (which is baſe) where her ſhoo (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworne (which is a great argument of falſehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampſon* ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue

my turne: the *Paſsado* he reſpects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valoure, ruſt Rapier, be ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he loueth. Aſsiſt me ſome extemporall God of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

*Enter the Princeſſe of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies and three Lordes.*

*Boyet.* Now Maddame ſummon vp your deareſt ſpirrits,
Coſider who the King your father ſendes:
To whom he ſendes, and whats his Embaſsie,
Your ſelfe, helde precious in the worldes eſteeme,
To parlee with the ſole inheritoure
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no leſſe weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

*Queene.* Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted floriſh of your prayſe:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by baſe ſale of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your Wit in the prayſe of mine.
But now to taſke the taſker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till paineſull ſtudie ſhall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthines, we ſingle you,

As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
On serious busines craning quicke dispatch,
Importuous personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
Like humble visage Suters his high will.
*Boy.* Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*
*Prince.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke?
*Lor. Longauill* is one.
*Princ.* Know you the man?
1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the bewtious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne peerelesse he is esteemd:
Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes:
Nothing becoms him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
It should none spare, that come within his power.
*Prin.* Some merrie mocking Lord belike, ist so?
*Lad.* They say so most, that most his humors know.
*Prin.* Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthines.
3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth.

*Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his fayre tongue (conceites expoſiter)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious wordes,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales.
And younger hearinges are quite rauiſhed.
So ſweete and voluble is his diſcourſe.

*Prin.* God bleſſe my Ladyes, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.

*Lord.* Heere comes *Boyet*. *Enter Boyet.*

*Prin.* Now, What admittance Lord?

*Boyet.* *Nauar* had notice of your faire approch,
And he and his competitours in oth,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
Like one that comes heere to beſiedge his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oth:
To let you enter his vnpeeled houſe.

Enter *Nauar*, *Longauill*, *Dumaine*, & *Berowne*.

*Bo.* Heere comes *Nauar*.

*Nauar.* Faire Princeſſe, Welcome to the court of *Nauar*.

*Prin.* Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fieldes too baſe to be mine.

*Nau.* You ſhalbe welcome Madame to my Court.

*Prin.* I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.

*Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oth,

*Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'le be forſworne.

*Nau.* Not for the worlde faire Madame, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.

*Nau.* Your Ladiſhyp is ignoraunt what it is.

*Prin,* Were my Lord so, his ignorannce were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolue mee in my suite.

*Nau.* Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me staie.

*Berowne.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Kather.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Ber.* I know you did.

*Kath.* How needies was it then to aske the question?

*Ber.* You must not be so quicke.

*Kath.* Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

*Ber.* Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, twill tire.

*Kath.* Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.

*Ber.* What time a day?

*Kath.* The houre that fooles should aske.

*Ber.* Now faire befall your maske.

*Kath.* Faire fall the face it couers.

*Ber.* And send you manie louers.

*Kath.* Amen, so you be none.

*Ber.* Nay then will I be gon.

*Ferd.* Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine,*

And holde faire faiendſhip with his Maieſtie,
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth:
For here he doth demaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demaunds
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe were not his requeſtes ſo farr
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France againe.

*Prin.* You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receit,
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paide.

*Ferd.* I do proteſt I neuer heard of it:
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.

*Prin.* We arreſt your worde.
*Boyet* you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſumme from ſpeciall officers,
Of *Charles* his father.

*Ferd.* Satisfie mee ſo.

*Boyet.* So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.

*Ferd.* It ſhall ſuffiſe me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines.
You may not come (faire Princeſſe) within my gates,
But here without you ſhalbe ſo receiude,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodgd in my hart.
Though ſo denide faire harbour in my houſe,
Your owne good thoughtes excuſe me, and farewell.

To morow shall we visite you againe.

*Pri.* Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.

*Na.* Thy owne wish wish I thee in euery place. *Exit.*

*Ber.* Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.

*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.

*Ber.* I would you heard it grone.

*Ros.* Is the foole sicke.

*Ber.* Sicke at the hart.

*Ros.* Alacke, let it blood.

*Ber.* Would that do it good?

*Ros.* My Phisicke saies I.

*Ber.* Will you prickt with your eye.

*Ros.* *No poynt*, with my knife.

*Ber.* Now God saue thy life.

*Ros.* And yours from long liuing.

*Ber.* I cannot stay thankes-giuing. *Exit.*

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?

*Boyet.* The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

*Dum.* A gallant Lady *Mounsir*, fare you wel. *Exit.*

*Longauill.* I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.

*Lon.* Perchance light in the light. I desire her name?

*Bo* She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a shame.

*Lon.* Pray you sir, Whose daughter?

*Bo.* Her mothers, I haue heard.

*Lon.* Gods blessing on your beard.

*Bo.* Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon-bridge.*

*Lon.* Nay my coller is ended. She is a most sweet Ladie.

*Bo* Not vnlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauil.*

*Enter Berowne.*

*Bero.* Whats her name in the capp?

*Boy.* *Katherin* by good happ.

*Ber*, Is she wedded or no?

*Boy.* To her will sir, or so.

*Ber.* O you are welcome sir, adew.

*Boy.* Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit* Bero.

*Lady Maria.* That laſt is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap L.
Not a word with him but a ieſt,
*Boy.* And euery ieſt but a word.
*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.
*Boy.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord.
*Lady Ka.* Two hot Sheepes marie.
*Bo.* And wherefore not Shipps?
No Sheepe(ſweete Lambe)vnleſſe we feede on your lippes.
*La.* You Sheepe and I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the ieſt?
*Bo.* So you graunt paſture for me.
*Lad.* Not ſo gentle Beaſt.
My lippes are no Common, though ſeuerall they be.
*Bo.* Belonging to whom?
*La.* To my fortunes and mee.
*Prin.* Good witts will be iangling, but gentles agree,
This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vſed
On *Nauar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abuſed.
*Bo.* If my obſeruation(which very ſeldome lyes
By the hartes ſtill rethoricke, diſcloſed with eyes.
Deceaue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
*Prin.* With what?
*Bo.* With that which we Louers intitle Affected.
*Prin.* Your reaſon.
*Bo.* Why all his behauiours did make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſier.
His hart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impacient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his ey-ſight to bee,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele only looking on faireſt of faire:
Mee thought all his ſenſes were lokt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their owne worth from where they were
Did poynt you to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,

And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.

*Prin.* Come, to our Pauilion, *Boyet* is disposde.

*Bo.* But to speak that in words, which his eie hath disclosd.
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Lad.* Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakest skilfully.

*Lad.* 2. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

*Lad.* 3. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

*Boy.* Do you heare my mad Wenches?

*Lad.* No.

*Boy.* What then, do you see?

*Lad.* I, our way to be gone.

*Boy.* You are too hard for mee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Braggart* and his *Boy.*

*Bra.* Warble child, make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Boy.* Concolinel.

*Brag.* Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key, giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinatly hither, I must imploy him in a letter to my loue.

*Boy.* Maister, will you win your loue with a french braule?

*Brag.* How meanest thou? brawling in French.

*Boy.* No my complet Maister, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and sing a note sometime through the throate, if you swallowed loue with singing loue sometime through: nose as if you snuffe vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the shop of your eyes, with your armes crost on your thinbellies doblet like a Rabbet on a spit, or your handes in your pocket like a man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these.

*Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Boy.* By my penne of obſeruation.

*Brag.* But o but o.

*Boy.* The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

*Brag.* Calſt thou my loue Hobbi-horſe.

*Boy.* No Maiſter, the Hobbi-horſe is but a colt, and your loue perhaps, a hacknie: But haue you forgot your Loue?

*Brag.* Almoſt I had.

*Boy.* Negligent ſtudent, learne her by hart.

*Brag.* By hart, and in hart boy.

*Boy.* And out of hart Maiſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

*Brag.* What wilt thou proue?

*Boy.* A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the inſtant: by hart you loue her, becauſe your hart cannot come by her: in hart you loue her, becauſe your hart is in loue with her: and out of hart you loue her, being out of hart that you cannot enioy her.

*Brag.* I am all theſe three.

*Boy.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Brag.* Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie me a letter.

*Boy.* A meſſage well ſimpathiſd, a Horſe to be embaſſadoure for an Aſſe.

*Brag.* Ha ha, What ſaieſt thou?

*Boy.* Marrie ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe, for he is verie ſlow gated: but I go.

*Brag.* The way is but ſhort, away.

*Boy.* As ſwift as Lead ſir.

*Brag.* The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heauie, dull, and ſlow?

*Boy.* Minnime honeſt Maiſter, or rather Maiſter no.

*Brag.* I ſay Lead is ſlow.

*Boy.* You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fierd from a Gunne?

*Brag.* Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thats hee:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

*Boy.* Thump then, and I flee.

*Brag.* A most acute Iuuenall, volable and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clowne.*

*Pag.* A wonder Maister, Heers a *Costard* broken in a shin.

*Ar.* Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

*Clo.* No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no salue, in thee male sir. O sir, Plantan, a plme Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no Salue sir, but a Plantan.

*Ar.* By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardone me my starres, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lennoy*, and the word *lennoy* for *a salue?*

*Pag.* Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lennoy* a *salue?*

*A.* No Page, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
Some obscure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
I will example it.

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes being but three.

Thet's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy.*

*Pag.* I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

*Ar.* The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

*Pag.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
And staied the oddes by adding foure.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy.*

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

*Arm.* Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

*Pag.* A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: woulde you desire more?

*Clo.* The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me ſee a fat *Lenuoy*, I thats a fat Gooſe. (begin?
*Ar.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument
*Boy.* By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. (in,
*Clow.* True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
and he ended the market.
*Ar.* But tel me, How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?
*Pag.* I will tell you ſencibly.
*Clow.* Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*, I will ſpeake that
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within, (*Lenuoy*.
Fell ouer the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.
*Arm.* We will talke no more of this matter.
*Clow.* Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
*Arm.* Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.
*Clow.* O marrie me to one Francis, I ſmell ſome *Lenuoy*,
ſome Gooſe in this.
*Arm.* By my ſweete ſoule, I meane, ſetting thee at libertie,
Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, reſtrained,
captiuated, bound.
*Clown.* True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me looſe.
*Arm.* I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this
ſignificant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remu-
neration, for the beſt ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.
*Pag.* Like the ſequell I. Signeur *Coſtard* adew. *Exit.*
*Clow.* My ſweete ouce of mans fleſh, my in-conie lew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle?
i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? it carries it re-
muneration: Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne.
I will neuer buy and ſell out of this word.

*Enter Berowne.*

*Ber.* O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.
*Clow.* Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may

a man buy for a remuneration?

*Ber.* O what is a remuneration?

*Coſt.* Marie ſir, halfepennie farthing.

*Ber.* O, why then threefarthing worth of Silke.

*Coſt.* I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

*Ber.* O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee.

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

*Clow.* When would you haue it done ſir?

*Ber.* O this after-noone.

*Clow.* Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.

*Ber.* O thou knoweſt not what it is.

*Clow.* I ſhall know ſir when I haue done it.

*Ber.* Why villaine, thou muſt know firſt.

*Clow.* I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

*Ber.* It muſt be done this after noone,
Harke ſlaue, it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeake ſweetely, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aſke for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeald-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

*Clow.* Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneratiõ, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will do it ſir in print: gardon remuneration.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* O and I forſoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous ſigh, a Crietick, nay a night-watch Conſtable,
A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled whyning purblind wayward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarffe, dan *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annoynted ſoueraigne of ſighes and groones:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators(O my litle hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Iermane Cloake,
Still a repairing:euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right,being a Watch:
But being watcht,that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow,
With two pitch balles ſtucke in her face for eyes.
I and by heauen,one that will do the deede,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde.
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almightie dreadfull little might.
Well,I will loue,write,ſigh,pray,ſhue,grone,
Some men muſt loue my Ladie,and ſome Ione.

*Enter the Princeſſe,a Forreſter,her Ladyes, and her Lordes*

*Quee.* Was that the king that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vp riſing of the hill?
*Forr.* I know not, but I thinke it was not he.
*Quee.* Who ere a was, a ſhowd a mounting minde.
Well Lords,to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.
Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
*Forr.* Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
*Quee.* I thanke my Beautie,I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeakſt the faireſt ſhoote.
*Forr.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo,

*Quee.* What, what? Firſt praiſe mee, and againe ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe
*For.* Yes Madam faire.
*Quee.* Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Heere (good my glaſſe) take this for telling trew:
Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew.
*For.* No thing but faire is that which you inherrit.
*Quee.* See ſee, my beautie wilbe ſau'd by merrit.
O hereſy in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though fowle, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my Credite in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.
If wounding then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guyltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.
*Boy.* Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraigntie
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lordes?
*Quee.* Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Boyet,* Here comes a member of the common wealth.
*Clo.* God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?
*Que.* Thou ſhalt know her fellow by the reſt that haue no heads.
*Clow.* Which is the greateſt Ladie, the higheſt?
*Quee.* The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
*Clow.* The thickeſt, and the talleſt: it is ſo, trueth is trueth.
And your waſte Miſtrs were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickeſt heere.

*Quee.* Whats your will ſir? Whats your will?
*Clow.* I haue a Letter from Monſier *Berowne*,
to one Ladie *Roſaline*.
*Que.* O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer. *Boyet* you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
*Boyet* I am bound to ſerue.
This letter is miſtooke: it importeth none heere,
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.
*Quee.* We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.
*Boyet reedes.* BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beautious, trueth it ſelfe that thou art louelie: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then trueth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videliſet*, He came, See, and ouercame: He came, one; ſee, two; couercame, three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victorie: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captiue is inricht, on whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall, on whoſe ſide? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtandes the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for raggs roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy ſelfe, mee. Thus expecting thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

*Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtri,*
Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submisſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue(poore ſoule)what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.
*Quee.* What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
*Boy.* I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.
*Quee.* Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.
*Boy.* This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantaſime a Monarcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
*Quee.* Thou fellow, a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
*Clow.* I tolde you, my Lord.
*Quee.* To whom ſhouldſt thou giue it?
*Clow.* From my Lord to my Ladie.
*Quee.* From which Lord, to which Ladie?
*Clow.* From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maiſter of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Roſaline*.
*Quee.* Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete, put vp this, twilbe thine annother day.
*Boy.* Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?
*Roſa.* Shall I teach you to know.
*Boy.* I my continent of beautie.
*Roſa.* Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
*Boy.* My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miſcarrie.
Finely put on.
*Roſa.* Well then I am the ſhooter.
*Boy.* And who is your Deare?
*Roſa.* If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
*Maria.* You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes
at the brow.
*Boyet.* But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
*Roſa.* Shall I come vpon thee with an olde ſaying, that

was a man when King *Pippen* of Frannce was a litle boy, as touchiug the hit it.

*Boy.* So I may anſwere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittaine was a litle wench as toching the hit it.

*Roſa.* Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man. *Exit.*

*Boy.* And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other

*Clo.* By my troth moſt pleſant, how both did fit it. (can,

*Mar.* A marke marueilous wel ſhot, for they both did hit.

*Bo.* A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

*Clo.* Indeed a'muſt ſhoot nearer, or hele neare hit the clout.

*Boy.* And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Clo.* Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.

*Ma.* Come come, you talke greaſely, your lips grow fowle.

*Cl.* Shes to hard for you at pricks, ſir challeng her to bowle

*Bo.* I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.

*Clo.* By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſtes, moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenly as it were, ſo fit.
*Armatho* ath toothen ſide, o a moſt daintie man,
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, & how moſt ſweetly a wil ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.

Enter *Dull, Holofernes*, the *Pedant* and *Nathaniel.*

*Nat.* Very reuerent ſport truly, and done in the teſtimonie of a good conſcience.

*Ped.* The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the eare of *Cœlo* the ſkie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the ſoyle, the land, the earth.

*Curat Nath.* Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are ſweetly varried like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye it was a Bucke of the firſt head. *Hol-*

*Holo.* Sir *Nathaniel, haud credo.*

*Dul.* T was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

*Holo.* Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere:* as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deare.

*Dul.* I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, twas a Pricket.

*Holo.* T wice sodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed dooſt thou looke.

*Nath.* Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, he is only an annimall, only sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful ſhould be: which we taſte, and feeling, are for thoſe partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. (foole,
For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiſtreell, or a
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a ſchole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

*Dul.* You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit,
What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weeks old as yet?

*Holo. Dictiſima* goodman *Dull, dictiſima* goodman *Dull.*

*Dul.* What is *dictima?*

*Nath.* A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone.* (more.

*Holo.* The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no
And rought not to fiue-weeks when he came to fiueſcore.
Th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange. (change.

*Dul.* Tis true in deede, the Colluſion holdes in the Ex-

*Holo.* God comfort thy capacitie, I ſay th'alluſion holdes in the Exchange.

*Dul.* And I ſay the poluſion holdes in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I ſay beſide that, twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kild.

*Holo.* Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorault cald the Deare: the Princeſſe kild a Pricket.

*Nath. Perge*, good M. *Holofernes perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſquirilitie.

*Holo.* I wil ſomthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or els Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore, then el to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores o ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more l.

*Nath.* A rare talent.

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

*Nath.* This is a gyft that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiectes, Ideas, aprehentions, motions, reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of Memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gyft is good in thoſe whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.

*Holo.* Sir, I prayſe the L. for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common wealth.

*Nath.* Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenous, they ſhal want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

*Enter*

*Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.*

*Iaquenetta.* God giue you good morrow M.Perſon.

*Nath.* Maiſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhoulde be perſt, Which is the one? (head.

*Clo.* Marrie M.Scholemaſter, he that is likleſt to a hoggs-

*Nath.* Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

*Iaque.* Good M. Parſon be ſo good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Armatho:* I beſeech you read it.

*Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat*, and ſo foorth. Ah good olde *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice, vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche.* Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderſtandeth thee not, loues thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa:* Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

*Hol.* I ſir, and very learned.

*Nath.* Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtauze, a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffiſe.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to mee ſome prayſe, that I thy partes admire,
Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadful thũder
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweete fier.
Celeſtiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this woug,
That ſinges heauens prayſe, with ſuch an earthly tong.

*Pedan.* You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

*Nath.* Here are onely numbers ratefied, but for the ele-

gancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naſo* was the man. And why in deed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maiſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

*Iaq.* I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lordes.

*Nath.* I will ouerglaunce the ſuperſcript.

*To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt bewtious Lady* Roſaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.

*Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment*, Berowne.

*Ped.* Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King, it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement, I forgine thy dewtie, adue.

*Mayd.* Good *Coſtard* go with me: ſir God ſaue your life.

*Coſt.* Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

*Holo.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

*Ped.* Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do feare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verſes, Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel?*

*Nath.* Marueilous well for the pen.

*Peda.* I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill of mine, where if (before repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foreſaid childe or pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beſeech your ſocietie.

*Nath.* And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happines of life.

*Peda.* And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it.

Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.*

*Berow.* The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch that defiles; defile, a foule worde: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd as *Aiax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well prooued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang mee: I'fayth I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath taught me to rime, and to be mallicholie: and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweete Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

*He standes a side.* *The King entreth.*

*King.* Ay mee!

*Be.* Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp: in fayth secrets.

*King,* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,
No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

But do not loue thy ſelfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weepe.
O Qneene of queenes, how farre dooſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the pa d er.
Sweete leaues ſhade follie. Who is he comes heere?

*Enter Longauill. The King ſteps a ſide.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

*Berow.* Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.

*Long.* Ay mee! I am forſworne.

*Berow.* Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

*Long.* In loue I hope, ſweete fellowſhip in ſhame.

*Ber.* One drunkard loues an other of the name.

*Long.* Am I the firſt that haue been periurd ſo?

*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makeſt the triumpherie, the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplicitie.

*Long.* I feare theſe ſtubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O ſweete *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.

*Ber.* O Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his Shop.

*Long.* This ſame ſhall go. *He reades the Sonnet.*

¶ Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,
Gainſt whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perſwade my hart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all diſgrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapoure is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth dooſt ſhine,
Exhalſt this vapour-vow in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
To looſe an oth, to winn a Parradiſe?

*Bero.* This is the lyuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie.

A greene Gooſe, a Godd ſſe, pure pure ydotarie.
God amende vs, God amende, we are much out a th' way.

*Enter Dumaine.*

*Long.* By whom ſhall I ſend this (companie?) Stay.
*Berow.* All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the ſkie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wyſh,
*Dumaine* transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dyſh.
*Duma.* O moſt deuine *Kate.*
*Berow.* O moſt prophane coxcombe.
*Duma.* By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye.
*Ber.* By earth ſhe is not, croporall, there you ly.
*Duma.* Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.
*Ber.* An amber colourd Rauen was well noted.
*Duma.* As vpright as the Ceder.
*Ber.* Stoope I ſay, her ſhoulder is with child.
*Duma.* As faire as day.
*Ber.* I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
*Duma.* O that I had my wiſh?
*Long.* And I had mine.
*King.* And mine too good Lord.
*Ber.* Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
*Duma.* I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembred be.
*Ber.* A Feuer in your blood, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweete miſpriſon.
*Dum.* Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.
*Ber.* Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

*Dumaine reades his Sonnet.*

On a day, alacke the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euer May:
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Veluet, leaues the wind,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde:
That the Louer ſicke to death,

Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweete.
Do not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee:
Thou for whom *Ioue* would ſweare,
*Iuno* but an *Æthiop* were,
And denie himſelfe for *Ioue*,
Turning mortall for thy loue.
This will I ſend, and ſomething els more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my trueloues faſting paine.
O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note:
For none offende, where all alike do dote.
*Long.* *Dumaine* thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in loues griefe deſirſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-hard and taken napping ſo.
*King.* Come ſir, you bluſh: as his, your caſe is ſuch.
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile,
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his hart.
I haue been cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obſerude your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Ay mee ſayes one! O *Ioue* the other cryes!
One her haires were Golde, Chriſtal the others eyes.
You would for Parradiſe breake Fayth and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oth.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare

Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by mee.
*Bero.* Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue
These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I seene,
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a ligge.
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine?*
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breast.
A Caudle hou!
*King.* Too bitter is thy iest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
*Ber.* Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Loue? or spend a minutes time,

In pruning mee when ſhall you heare that I will prayſe a
hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt,
a waſt, a legge, a limme.
*King.* Soft, Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.
*Ber.* I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.
*Iaqu.* God bleſſe the King. *Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.*
*King.* What preſent haſt thou there?
*Clow.* Some certaine treaſon.
*King.* What makes treaſon heere?
*Clow.* Nay it makes nothing ſir.
*King.* Yf it marr nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away togeather.
*Iaqu.* I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſdoubts it: twas treaſon he ſaid.
*King.* *Berowne* reade it ouer. *He reades the letter.*
*King.* Where hadſt thou it?
*Iaqu.* Of *Coſtard.*
*King.* Where hadſt thou it?
*Coſt.* Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*
*King.* How now, What is in you? Why doſt thou teare it?
*Ber.* A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grace needs not feare it.
*Long.* It did moue him to paſsion, & therfore lets heare it.
*Dum.* It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
*Berow.* Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to
do me ſhame.
Guiltie my Lord, guiltie: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.
*King.* What? (meſſe,
*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the
Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more,
*Duma.* Now the number is euen.
*Bero.* True true, we are fower: will theſe turtles be gon?
*King* Hence ſirs, away.
*Clow.* Walke aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay.
*Ber.* Sweete Lords, ſweete Louers. O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and blood can be,

The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not crosse the cause why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne.
*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
*Ber.* Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the first opning of the gorgious East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.
What peremptorie Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?
*King.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspirde thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.
*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd soueraignte,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belonges:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges shine.
*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
*Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full so blacke.

*King.* O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.
*Ber.* Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirites of light.
O if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh dooters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe borne to make blacke fayre.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue blood is counted paynting now:
And therefore redd that would auoyde diſprayſe,
Paintes it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.
*Duma.* To looke like her are Chimnie-ſweepers blake.
*Long.* And ſince her time are Colliers counted bright.
*King.* And *Æthiops* of their ſweete complexion crake.
*Duma.* Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.
*Ber.* Your Miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.
*King.* T'were good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not waſht to day.
*Ber.* Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomſe-day heere.
*King.* No Diuel will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.
*Duma.* I neuer knew man holde vile ſtuffe ſo deare.
*Long.* Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face ſee.
*Ber* O if the ſtreetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for ſuch tread.
*Duma.* O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreete ſhould ſee as ſhe walkt ouer head.
*King.* But what of this, are we not all in loue?
*Ber.* O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.
*King.* Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.
*Duma.* I marie there, ſome flatterie for this euyll.
*Long.* O ſome authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheate the diuell.
*Duma.* Some ſalue for periurie.
*Ber.* O tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,

Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lordes)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and poare and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face?
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Bookes the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why vniuersall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirites in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Authour in the worlde,
Teaches such beautie as a womas eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues.
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes,
And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beautis tutors haue inritcht you with:
Other slow Artes intitely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce shew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.

But

But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elamentes,
Courſies as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound/
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules?*
Still clyming trees in the *Heſperides.*
Subtiues *Sphinx*, as ſweete and muſicall,
As bright *Appelos* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the worlde.
Els none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a worde that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a worde that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the authour of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we Men are Men.
Lets vs once looſe our othes to finde our ſelues,
Or els we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forſworne.

For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie.

*King.* Saint *Cupid* then and Souldiers to the fielde.

*Berow.* Aduaunce your standars, and vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

*Long.* Now to plaine dealing Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolue to woe these gyrles of Fraunce?

*King.* And winn them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some enterteinment for them in their Tentes.

*Ber.* First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Ot his faire Mistres, in the after noone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.

*Ber.* Alone alone sowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsorne,
If so our Copper byes no better treasure.

*Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.*

*Pedant.* *Satis quid sufficit.*

*Curat.* I prayse God for you sir, your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrilitie, wittie without affection, audatious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

*Ped.* *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, rediculous, & thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it.

*Curat*

*Curat.* A moſt ſinguler and choyce Epithat,

*Draw-out his Table-booke.*

*Peda.* He draweth out the thred of his verboſitie, finer then the ſtaple of his argument. I abhorre ſuch phanatticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deuiſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortagriphie, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calfe, Cauſe: halfe, hauſe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abbominable, it inſinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make frantique lunatique?

*Curat. Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

*Peda. Bome boon for boon preſcian*, a litle ſcratcht, twil ſerue,

*Enter Bragart, Boy.*

*Curat. Vides ne quis venit?*

*Peda. Video, et gaudio.*

*Brag.* Chirra.

*Peda.* *Quàri* Chirra, not Sirra?

*Brag.* Men of peace well incontred.

*Ped.* Moſt millitarie ſir ſalutation.

*Boy.* They haue been at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne the ſcraps.

*Clow.* O they haue lyud long on the almſbaſket of wordes. I maruaile thy M. hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eafier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.

*Page.* Peace, the peale begins.

*Brag.* Mounſier, are you not lettred?

*Page.* Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horne on his head?

*Poda.* Ba, *puericia* with a horne added. (learning.

*Pag.* Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his

*Peda.* *Quis quis* thou Conſonant?

*Pag.* The laſt of the fiue Vowels if You repeate them, or the fift it I.

*Peda.* I will repeate them: a e I.

*Pag.* The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

*Brag.* Now by the ſault wane of the meditaranium, a

ſweete

sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

*Page.* Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

*Peda.* What is the figure? What is the figure?

*Page.* Hornes.

*Peda.* Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

*Pag.* Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnũ cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

*Clow.* And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfepennie purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Bastard; What a ioyfull father wouldest thou make me? Go to, thou hast it *ad dungil* at the fingers ends, as they say.

*Peda.* Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem.*

*Brag.* *Artsman preambulat*, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house on the top of the Mountaine?

*Peda.* Or *Mons* the hill.

*Brag.* At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

*Peda.* I do *sans queston.*

*Bra.* Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pauilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

*Peda.* The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after noone: the worde is well culd, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you sir, I do assure.

*Brag.* Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier, I do assure ye very good friende: for what is inwarde betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunt and most serious designes, and of great import in deede too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine

special

ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatnes to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath ſeene the worlde: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet hart, I do implore ſecretie, that the King would haue me preſent the Princeſſe (ſweete chuck) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke: Now vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweete ſelfe, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your aſſiſtance.

*Peda.* Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes,* as concerning ſome entertainement of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rended by our aſſiſtants the Kinges commaund, and this moſt gallant illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the nine Worthies.

*Curat.* Where will you finde men worthie enough to preſent them?

*Peda. Ioſua,* your ſelfe, my ſelfe, and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great lim or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules.*

*Brag.* Pardon ſir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that worthies thumbe, he is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

*Peda.* Shall I haue audience? He ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his enter and exit ſhalbe ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

*Page.* An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules,* now thou crusſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it.

*Brag.* For the reſt of the Worthies?

*Peda.* I will play three my ſelfe.

*Page.* Thrice worthie Gentleman.

*Brag.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Peda.* We attende.

*Brag.* We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

*Peda. Via* good-man *Dull,* thou haſt ſpoken no worde all this while.

*Dull.* Not vnderstoode none neither sir.

*Ped.* Alone, we will employ thee.

*Dull.* Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.

*Peda.* Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Ladyes.*

*Quee.* Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.

*Rosa.* Madame, came nothing els along with that?

*Quee.* Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thousand yeere a Boy.

*Kath.* I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.

*Ros.* Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.

*Kath.* He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
And so may you: For a light hart liues long.

*Ros.* Whats your darke meaning mouse, of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beautie darke.

*Ros.* We neede more light to finde your meaning out.

*Kath.* Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.

*Ros.* Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke.

*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

*Ros.* In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.

*Kath.* You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.

*Ros.* Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

*Quee.* Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

*Rosa.*

*Ros.* I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay I haue Vearſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayreſt Goddeſſe on the ground.
I am comparde to twentie thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.
*Quee.* Any thing like?
*Ros.* Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
*Quee.* Beautious as Incke: a good concluſion.
*Kath.* Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.
*Ros.* Ware penſalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not ſo full of Oes.
*Quee.* A Poxe of that ieſt, and I beſhrow all Shrowes.
But *Katherine* what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine?*
*Kath.* Madame, this Gloue.
*Quee.* Did he not ſend you twaine?
*Kath.* Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A hudge tranſlation of hipocriſie,
Vildly compyled, profound ſimplicitie.
*Marg.* This, and theſe Pearle, to me ſent *Longauile.*
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
*Quee.* I thinke no leſſe: Doſt thou not wiſh in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter ſhort.
*Marg.* I, or I would theſe handes might neuer part.
*Quee.* We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.
*Ros.* They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And wayte the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes,
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that ieſtes,

So perttaunt like would I ore'ſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my ſoole, and I his fate.
*Quee.* None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wiſedome hatcht:
Hath Wiſedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
*Roſa.* The blood of youth burnes not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
*Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolrie in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

*Enter Boyet.*

*Quee.* Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
*Boyet.* O I am ſtable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
*Quee.* Thy newes *Boyet?*
*Boy.* Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace Loue doth approch, diſguyſd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be ſurpriſd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
*Quee.* Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.
*Boy.* Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamone,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpoſed reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might beholde addreſt,
The King and his companions warely,
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you ſhall ouer heare:
That by and by diſguyſd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauiſh Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embaſſage
Action and accent did they teach him there,.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:

For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue feard her had ſhee been a deuill.
With that all laught, and clapt him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bolde wagg by their prayſes bolder.
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeach was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his fynger and his thume,
Cried *vie* we will doo't come what wil come.
The thirde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profund,
That in this ſpleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follie paſhions ſolembe teares.

*Quee.* But what, but what, come they to viſite vs?

*Boy.* They do, they do; and are appariled thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and daunce,
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtres: which they'le know
By Fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.

*Quee.* And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhalbe taſkt;
For Ladies; we will euery one be maſkt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Holde *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare?
Holde take thou this my ſweete, and giue mee thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change you Fauours two, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrarie, deceyued by theſe remoues.

*Roſa.* Come on then, weare the Fauours moſt in ſight.

*Kath.* But in this changing, What is your intent?

*Quee.* The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent,

Their ſeuerall counſailes they vnboo ſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
*Ros.* But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
*Quee.* No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
*Boy.* Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
*Quee.* Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended gaine,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
*Boy.* The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

*Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.*

*Page.* *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
*Berow.* Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
*Page.* *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortall viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
*Berow,* Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
*Pag.* *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
*Out*
*Boy.* True, out in deede.
*Pag.* *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
*Not to beholde.*
*Berow.* Once to beholde, rogue.
*Page.* *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
*With your Sunne beamed eyes.*
*Boyet.* They will not anſwere to that Epythat.
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
*Pag.* They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
*Ber.* Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

*Roſa.*

*Rosal.* What would theſe ſtranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do ſpeake our language, tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
*Boyet.* What would you with the Princes?
*Berow.* Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
*Roſa.* What would they, ſay they?
*Boy.* Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
*Roſa.* Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
*Boy.* She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
*King.* Say to her we haue meaſurd many miles,
To treade a Meaſure with her on this graſſe.
*Boy.* They ſay that they haue meaſurd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
*Roſa.* It is not ſo, Aſke them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſured manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie tolde.
*Boy.* If to come hither, you haue meaſurde miles,
And manie miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?
*Berow.* Tell her we meaſure them by weerie ſteps.
*Boy.* She heares her ſelfe.
*Roſa.* How manie weerie ſteps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
*Bero.* We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duetie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
*Roſa.* My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
*King.* Bleſſed are cloudes, to do as ſuch cloudes do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy Starrs to ſhine,
(Thoſe cloudes remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
*Roſa.* O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
*King.* Then in our meaſure, do but vouchſafe one change,

Thou bidſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
*Roſa.* Play Muſique then: nay you muſt do it ſoone.
Not yet no daunce: thus change I like the Moone.
*Kin.* Wil you not daunce? How come you thus eſtranged?
*Ro.* You tooke the moone at ful, but now ſhee's changed?
*King.* Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
*Roſa.* The muſique playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it,
Our eares vouchſafe it.
*King.* But your legges ſhould do it.
*Roſa.* Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
Weele not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.
*King.* Why take we handes then?
*Roſa,* Onely to part friendes.
Curtſie ſweete hartes, and ſo the Meaſure endes.
*King.* More meaſure of this meaſue be not nice.
*Roſa.* We can affoord no more at ſuch a price.
*King.* Prize you your ſelues: What buyes your company?
*Roſa.* Your abſence onely.
*King.* That can neuer be.
*Roſa.* Then cennot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
*King.* If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
*Roſa.* In priuat then.
*King.* I am beſt pleaſd with that.
*Berow.* White handed Miſtres, one ſweet word with thee.
*Quee.* Honie, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
*Ber.* Nay then two treyes, an if you grow ſo nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a doſen ſweetes.
*Quee.* Seuenth ſweete adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
*Ber.* One word in ſecret.
*Quee.* Let it not be ſweete.
*Bero.* Thou greeueſt my gall.
*Quee,* Gall, bitter,
*Bero.* Therefore meete.
*Duman.* Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
*Maria.* Name it.

*Duma.*

*Duma.* Faire Ladie.
*Mar.* Say you ſo? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady
*Duma.* Pleaſe it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu.
*Maria.* What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
*Long.* I know the reaſon (Lady) why you aſke.
*Mari.* O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long?
*Long.* You haue a double tongue within your Maſke,
And would afforde my ſpeachles vizard halfe.
*Mar.* Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?
*Long.* A Calfe faire Ladie.
*Mar.* No, a faire Lorde Calfe.
*Long.* Let's part the word?
*Mar.* No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
*Lon.* Loke how you butt your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mocks,
Will you giue hornes chaſt Lady? do not ſo.
*Mar.* Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.
*Long.* One word in priuate with you ere I die.
*Mar.* Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher heares you crie.
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Raſors edge inuiſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſence of ſence ſo ſenſible,
Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue winges,
Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets wind thought ſwifter thinges.
*Roſa.* Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.
*Bero.* By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
*King.* Farewel mad Wenches, you haue ſimple wits. *Exe.*
*Quee.* Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits.
Are theſe the breede of Wits ſo wondered at?
*Boye.* Tapers they are with your ſweete breaths puft out.
*Roſa.* Wel-liking Wits they haue groſſe groſſe, fat fat.
*Quee.* O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hange them ſelues to nyght?
Or euer but in vizards ſhew their faces.
This pert *Bero* was out of countnance quite.
*Roſa.* They were all in lamentable caſes,
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

*Quee.* *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.
*Mar.* *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword,
No poynt(quoth I)my seruant, straight was mute.
*Kath.* Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
*Quee.* Qualme perhapt.
*Kath.* Yes in good faith.
*Quee.* Goe sicknes as thou art.
*Ros.* Well,better-wits haue worne plaine statute Caps.
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.
*Quee.* And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
*Kath.* And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
*Mar.* *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
*Boyet.* Madame,and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
*Quee.* Will they returne?
*Boy.* They will they will,God knowes,
And leape for ioy,though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours,and when they repaire,
Blow like sweete Roses,in this sommer aire.
*Quee.* How blow?how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
*Boy.* Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt,their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
Are Angels varling cloudes,or Roses blowne.
*Quee.* Auaunt perplexitie,What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
*Rosa.* Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:
And wonder what they were,and to what ende
Their shallow shewes,and Prologue vildly pende.
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
*Boyet.* Ladies,withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
*Quee.* Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter the King and the reſt.*

*King.* Faire ſir, God ſaue you: Wher's the Princeſſe?
*Boyet.* Gone to her Tent. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie commaunde me any ſeruice to her thither,
*King.* That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
*Boy.* I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
*Berow.* This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Peaſe,
And vttereth it againe when God dooth pleaſe.
He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Waſsels, meetings, markets, Faires,
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue,
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to, and liſpe: Why this is hee
That kiſt his hand, a way in courtiſie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounſier the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes; nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanely, and in huſhering.
Mende him who can, the Ladies call him ſweete.
The ſtaires as he treades on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the floure that ſmyles on euery one.
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
*King.* A bliſter on his ſweete tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

*Enter the Ladies.*

*Bero.* See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man ſhewed thee, and what art thou now?
*King.* All haile ſweete Madame, and faire time of day.
*Quee.* Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceaue.
*King.* Conſture my ſpaches better, if you may.
*Quee.* Then wiſh me better, I will giue you leaue.
*King.* We came to viſite you, and purpoſe now,

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
*Quee.* This Feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.
*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.
*Que.* You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnsallied Lilly I protest,
A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.
*King.* O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shame.
*Quee.* Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.
*King.* How Madame? *Russians?*
*Quee.* I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.
*Rosa.* Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.
We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
*Bero.* This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges foolish when we greete
Wtih eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.
*Rosa.* This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.
*Bero.* I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

*Roſa.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch wordes from my tongue.
*Ber.* O, I am yours and all that I poſſeſſe.
*Roſa.* All the ſoole mine.
*Ber.* I cannot giue you leſſe.
*Ros.* Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
*Ber.* Where, when, what Vizard? why demaund you this?
*Roſa.* There, then, that Vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhewed the better face.
*King.* We were deſcried, they'le mock vs now downright.
*Duman.* Let vs confeſſe and turne it to a ieſt.
*Quee.* Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes ſad?
*Roſa.* Helpe holde his browes, heele ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea ſicke I thinke comming from *Muſcouie.*
*Bero.* Thus pooure the Starres downe plagues for periurie.
Can anie face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance,
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to daunce,
Nor neuer more in Ruſsian habite waite.
O neuer will I truſt to ſpeaches pend,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue:
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers ſongue.
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three pilde Hiberboles, ſpruce affection:
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſommer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſweare them, and I here proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)
Henceforth my wooing minde ſhalbe expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſance* cracke or flaw.
*Roſa.* *Sans, ſans,* I pray you.

*Bero.* Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

*Quee.* No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

*Berow.* Our states are forfait, seeke not to vndoo vs.

*Rosa.* It is not so, for how can this be true,
That you stand forfait, being those that sue.

*Bero.* Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.

*Rosa.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intende.

*Bero.* Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.

*King.* Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression
Some faire excuse.

*Quee.* The fairest is confession,
Were not you here but euen now, disguysde?

*King.* Madame, I was.

*Quee.* And were you well aduisde?

*King.* I was faire Madame.

*Quee.* When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

*King.* That more then all the world, I did respect her.

*Quee.* When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.

*King.* Vpon mine honour no.

*Quee.* Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you force not to forsweare.

*King.* Despise me when I breake this oth of mine.

*Quee.* I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the *Russian* whisper in your eare?

*Rosa.* Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-sight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.

*Quee.* God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourablie doth vphold his word,

King.

*King.* What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Lady ſuch an oth.
*Rosal.* By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it ſir againe.
*King.* My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
*Quee.* Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
*Berow.* Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke ant: here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To daſh it lik a Chriſtmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſleight ſaine:
Some mumble newes, ſome trencher Knight, ſome Dick
That ſmyles, his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhees diſpoſd:
Tolde our intentes before: which once diſcloſd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the ſignes, wood but the ſigne of ſhee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke ſhalbe your ſhroude.
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Woundes like a leaden ſword.
*Boyet.* Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere bin run.
*Bero.* Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Ber.* Welcome pure wit, thou partſt a faire fray.
*Clow.* O Lord ſir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

*Ber.* What, are there but three?

*Clow.* No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

*Bero.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Clow.* Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

*Bero.* Is not nine.

*Clow.* Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

*Bero.* By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

*Clow.* O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

*Bero.* How much is it?

*Clow.* O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as thy say, but to parfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

*Bero.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Clow.* It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

*Bero.* Goe bid them prepare. (*Exit.*

*Clow.* We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

*King.* *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approch.

*Bero.* We are shame proofe my Lord: & tis some policie
To haue one show worse then the Kings and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Quee.* Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring perish in their byrth.

*Bero.* A right description of our sport my Lord.

*Enter Bragart.*

*Brag.* Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal

sweete

ſweete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

*Quee.* Doth this man ſerue God?

*Bero.* Why aſke you?

*Quee.* A ſpeakes not like a man of God his making.

*Brag.* That is al one my faire ſweete honie monarch,
For I proteſt, the Schoolemaiſter is exceeding fantaſticall,
Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they ſay)
to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wiſh you the peace of mind moſt royall
cupplement. *Exit.*

*King.* Heere is like to be a good preſence of Worthies:
He preſents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the
pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pe-
dant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their
firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent
the other fiue.

*Bero.* There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.

*King.* You are deceiued, tis not ſo.

*Bero.* The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out fiue ſuch, take each one in his vaine.

*Kin.* The Ship is vnder ſayle, and heere ſhe coms amaine.

*Enter Pompey.*

*Clowne.* *I* Pompey *am.*

*Bero.* You lie, you are not he.

*Clow.* *I* Pompey *am,*

*Boyet.* With Libbards head on knee.

*Ber.* Well ſaid old mocker, I muſt needes be friendes with (thee.

*Clow.* *I* Pompey *am*, Pompey *ſurnamde the bigge.*

*Duma.* The great.

*Clow.* *It is great ſir*, Pompey *ſurnamd the great.*
*That oft in fielde with Targ and Shield did make my foe to ſweat,*
*And trauailing along this coaſt I heere am come by chaunce,*
*And lay my Armes before the Legges of this ſweete Laſſe of France.*
*If your Ladiſhyp would ſay thankes* Pompey, *I had done.*

*Lady.* Great thankes great *Pompey.*

*Clo.* Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I
made a litle fault in great.

*Bero.* My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the best Worthie.

*Enter Curate for Alexander.*

*Curat. When in the World I liud, I was the Worldes commander:*
*By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:*
*My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander.* (right.

*Boyet.* Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

*Be.* Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

*Qu.* The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*

*Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.*

*Boy.* Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

*Bero.* *Pompey* the great.

*Clow.* Your seruant and *Costard.*

*Bero.* Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*

*Clow.* O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*

*Quee.* Stand aside good *Pompey.*

*Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Peda.* *Great* Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
*Whose Clubb kilde* Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
*And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,*
*Thus did he strangle Serpents in his* Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
*Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish.* *Exit* Boy.
*Peda.* Iudas *I am.*

*Dum.*

*Dum.* A Iudas.
*Pedan.* *Not Iſcariot ſir.*
Iudas *I am, ecliped* Machabeus.
*Dum.* Iudas Machabeus *clipt, is plaine* Iudas.
*Bero.* A kiſſing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas?*
*Peda.* *Iudas I am.*
*Duma.* The more ſhame for you *Iudas.*
*Peda.* What meane you ſir?
*Boyet.* To make *Iudas* hang him ſelfe.
*Pedan.* Begin ſir, you are my elder.
*Bero.* Well folowed, *Iudas* was hanged on an Elder.
*Pedan.* I will not be put out of countenance.
*Bero.* Becauſe thou haſt no face.
*Pedan.* What is this?
*Boyet.* A Cytterne head.
*Duma.* The head of a Bodkin.
*Bero.* A deaths face in a Ring.
*Long.* The face of an olde Roman coyne, ſcarce ſeene.
*Boyet.* The pummel of *Cæſars* Fauchion.
*Duma.* The carud-bone face on a Flaſke.
*Bero.* Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Broodh.
*Duma.* I and in a Broodh of Lead.
*Bero.* I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer:
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
*Peda.* You haue put me out of countenance.
*Bero.* Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.
*Peda.* But you haue outfaſte them all.
*Bero.* And thou weart a Lyon, we would do ſo.
*Boyet.* Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him go:
And ſo adue ſweete *Iude.* Nay, Why doſt thou ſtay?
*Duma.* For the latter ende of his name.
*Bero.* For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude:* giue it him. *Iudas* away!
*Pedan.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
*Boyet.* A light for Mounſier *Iudas,* it growes darke, he may ſtumble.
*Quee.* Alas poore *Machabeus,* how hath he bin bayted.

*Eeter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Duma.* Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in respect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this *Hector?*

*King.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.

*Long.* His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors.*

*Duman.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boye.* No, he is best indued in the small.

*Bero.* This cannot be *Hector.*

*Duma.* Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

*Braggart.* *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie.*
*gaue* Hector *a gift.*

*Duma.* A gift Nutmegg.

*Bero.* A Lemmon.

*Long.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Brag.* *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty.*
*Gaue* Hector *a gift, the heir of Illion,*
*A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,*
*From morne till night out of his Pauilion.*
I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Long.* That Cullambine.

*Brag.* Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against *Hector.*

*Dum.* I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.

*Brag.* The sweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; sweete royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

*Berowne steps foorth.*

*Quee.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Brag.* *I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet

*Boyet* Loues her by the foote.

*Dum.* He may not by the yarde:

*Brag.* This Hector *far ſurmounted* Hanniball,
*The partie is gone.*

*Clow.* Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

*Brag.* What meaneſt thou?

*Clow.* Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt *Troyan*, the poore wench is caſt away: ſhee's quicke, the childe bragges in her bellie already: tis yours.

*Brag.* Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates: Thou ſhalt die.

*Clow.* Then ſhall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

*Duma.* Moſt rare *Pompey*.

*Boyet.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Bero.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the hudge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Bero.* *Pompey* is mooued more Ates more Atees ſtir them or ſtir them on.

*Duma.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Bero.* I, if a'haue no more mans blood in his belly then w ſuppe a Flea.

*Brag.* By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

*Clow.* I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man; Ile ſlaſh, I le do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me borrow my Armes againe.

*Duma.* Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

*Clow.* Ile do it in my ſhyrt.

*Duma.* Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Maiſter, let me take you a button hole lower. Do you not ſee, *Pompey* is vncaſing for the Combat: What meane you? you will looſe your reputation.

*Brag.* Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhyrt.

*Duma.* You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chalenge.

*Brag.* Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't.

*Brag.* The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt. I goe Woolward for pennance.

*Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-cloute of *Iaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour.

*Enter a Messenger Mounsier Marcade.*

*Marcad.* God saue you Madame.

*Quee.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrnpptest our merriment.

*Marcad.* I am sorrie Madame for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Quee.* Dead for my life.

*Marcad.* Euen so: my tale is tolde.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scæne begins to cloude.

*Brag.* For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue seene the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys*

*King.* How fares your Maiestie?

*Quee.* *Boyet* prepare, I will away to nyght.

*King.* Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Quee.* Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreat:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirites,
If ouerboldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenes
Was guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so comming too short of thankes,
For my great sute, so easely obtainde.

*King.* The extreame partes of time extreamly formes,
All causes to the purpose of his speede:
And often at his very loose decides

That.

That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmyling courtecie of Loue,
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloude of Sorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpoſd, ſince to wayle friendes loſt,
Is not by much ſo holdſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.
*Quee.* I vnderſtand you not, my griefes are double.
*Bero.* Honeſt plaine words, beſt pearce the eare of griefe,
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes, haue we neglected time.
Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humours
Euen to the oppoſed ende of our ententes.
And what in vs hath ſeemed rediculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, ſkipping and vaine.
Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habites and of formes
Varying in ſubiectes as the eye doth roule,
To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:
Which partie coted preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,
Haue miſbecombd our othes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faultes,
Suggeſted vs to make, therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falce, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe and turns to grace.
*Quee.* We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, embaſſadours of Loue.
And in our mayden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhyp pleaſant ieſt and courtecie,

As bombast and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our respectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
*Dum.* Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
*Long.* So did our lookes.
*Rosa.* We did not cote them so.
*King.* Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
*Quee.* A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleasurs of the world:
There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kissing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that instance shutt
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
*King.* If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye.
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest,

Bero.

*Berow.* And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
*Roſal.* You muſt be purged to, your ſinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A tweluemonth ſhall you ſpende and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the weery beddes of people ſicke.
*Duma.* But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
*Kath.* A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three folde loue I wiſh you all theſe three.
*Duma.* O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle Wife?
*Kath.* Not ſo my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that ſmothfaſt wooers ſay,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
*Duma.* Ile ſerue thee true and faythfully till then.
*Kath.* Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
*Longauill.* What ſaies *Maria*?
*Mari.* At the tweluemonths ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.
*Long.* Ile ſtay with patience, but the time is long.
*Mari.* The liker you, few taller are ſo young.
*Berow.* Studdies my Ladie? Miſtres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attendes thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for thy Loue.
*Roſa.* Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of compariſons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wi:
To weede this wormewood from your fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeachleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe,
With groning wretches: and your taſke ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
*Berow.* To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.
*Rosal.* Why thats the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
*Berow.* A twelue month? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue month in an Hospitall.
*Queen.* I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.
*King.* No Madame, we will bring you on your way.
*Berow.* Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.
*King.* Come sir, it wants a twelue month an'aday,
And then twill ende.
*Berow.* That's too long for a Play.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Brag.* Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.
*Queen.* Was not that *Hector?*
*Duma.* The worthie Knight of *Troy.*
*Brag.* I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere.
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in prayse of the
Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the

ende

ende of our ſhew.

*King.* Call them foorth quickly, we will do ſo.

*Brag.* *Holla*, Approch.

*Enter all.*

*Brag.* This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one maynteined by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow.

*B. Ver* begin.

*The Song.*

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew:
And Ladi-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delight:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſinges hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſinges he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

*Winter.*

When Iſacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms frozen home in paile:
When Blood is nipt, and waves be full,

Then nightly singes the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloude the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw;
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly singes the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

The vvordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the sonnges of Apollo.

FINIS.